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and everything pertaining to sewing
Machines. 34

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H. C. BEALS,
Photographer and Agent,
Mexico, N. Y.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." —CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1877.

NUMBER 44.

POETRY.

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard :—
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we count the day well spent.

But, if through the live long day
We've caused no heat by you or may ;
We've done nothing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face ;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep
on the sofa in the sitting-room. I'll
have Tom's basket ready by the time
grandpa has his coat and hat on. I
hate to call him, for he was complain-
ing of rheumatism to-day, and the
ground is very wet, although the storm
is over.

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run
over with the basket. It is only a step."

"But it is so dark. Aren't you
afraid?"

"Not a bit. I'll slip on my water-
proof and rubbers, and draw the hood
of the cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will. Though I am
afraid Tom will scold at my letting you
go."

"I'll put the basket on the table and
run, and he will never know who left
it."

"Go in the rear basement door. He
leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket,
hurried across the space between the
building and the house, and stole softly
in at the rear, basement door, in
pursuance of my plan to drop the bas-
ket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were
noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the
threshold when I stood rooted to
doubtful blankets, where I soon fell
asleep.

All this was on Friday night, and I
had no teaching to do until Monday, so
I slept late; but coming down, found all
the family prepared to make a heroine
and run.

"I never knew till mother told me
this morning," said Tom, "that it was
not grandpa who sent the message to
C——. By Jove, Olive, you're spunk-
y if you are little. I gave up when four
of them pounced on me from one of
the upper rooms. They must have
got in through the day, and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights prom-
ise not to tell my adventure, but could
not. Before night all Baysville knew
how Olive Hudson caught the burg-
lars. I was in the office with grandpa,
when over the wires came this
message:

"What does Olive Hudson look
like? Everybody in Dryden is talking
about her great exploit."

Somebody was talking!

I crept forward and listened. There
were men in the bank vault, and a
glimmer of light shone under the
door.

While I listened, some one said :

"There's a confounded draught here.
Did you shut the door, Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind may have blown
it open."

I had just time to dart under the
staircase and crouch down, when the
door of the vault opened, and a man
came out.

He crossed the entry, drew the two
heavy, noisy bolts, fastening the door
by which I had entered, and returned,
without closing the vault door.

I could look in, by the dim light, to
see two men working at the safe locks
by the stream of light thrown from a
dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound
and gagged upon the floor, but I could
only conjecture it was Tom, for I could
not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for I was

fond of telegraphing, and spent half
my leisure time perched up beside
grandpa in his office, sending and re-
ceiving messages, while he slept peace-
fully, or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my
amusement at Dryden, the next station.

The operator at Dryden was a wit, and
flashed nonsense to our office when
business was dull. It fell flat when
grandpa was in the office, but if I was

there, I sent back jest for jest, and
sometimes an hour slipped by like a
minute as we talked over the wires of
every topic under the sun. He called
himself Lion, and I, for nonsense,
signed myself Elephant, laughing while
I did so at the reflection of my tiny
figure in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles
from Baysville, was C——, a large com-
mercial town, the nearest railway sta-
tion, and where an office was always
open for the accommodation of travel-
ers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the
night watchman of Baysville Bank
Building, and a lonely time he had of
it. The last mail came by stage at
four o'clock in the afternoon, and the
post-office was vacated at six. The
bank closed at three, and by six every
office was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and
grandpa, who was restless at night,
was in the habit of taking down some
coffee and luncheon, as the building
was only a stone's throw from our
house.

On the December night I have al-
ready mentioned, it had stormed heavily
all day, and I had taken a new class
at the Academy, coming home later in
the day than usual, and excited over
my increase of salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed,
and I was lingering over the kitchen
fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the
plunge into my cold room, where I had
allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs.
Knight, lifting her face from over the
fire, said :

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep
on the sofa in the sitting-room. I'll
have Tom's basket ready by the time
grandpa has his coat and hat on. I
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building and the house, and stole softly
in at the rear, basement door, in
pursuance of my plan to drop the bas-
ket and run.

Everybody was abed, and I went to
my own room, had a good crying spell,
and comforted my half frozen body in
doubtful blankets, where I soon fell
asleep.

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had no teaching to do until Monday, so
I slept late; but coming down, found all
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ready mentioned, it had stormed heavily
all day, and I had taken a new class
at the Academy, coming home later in
the day than usual, and excited over
my increase of salary.

Again the agony of suspense in list-
ening, but at last the sound reached
me:

"Will send help immediately!"

I crept to the head of the staircase,
afraid the clear ring of the instrument
had been heard in the vault; but no
one came up stairs. The window of
the telegraph office faced the street, so
I heard, bolted myself in safely, and
sat down to watch.

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ready mentioned, it had stormed heavily
all day, and I had taken a new class
at the Academy, coming home later in
the day than usual, and excited over
my increase of salary.

I listened, and then, leaving the
door open, groped my way to the well
known desk, and gave the signal at
C——. I could hear my own heart
throb, as I waited for the answer. It
came! Still working in the dark, I
sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville Bank
vault! Watchman gagged and bound!
Can you send help?"

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
FORT LEWIS SELLINEY, Associate
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, Editors.
677 Euclid St., Cleveland, O.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Rev. Henry Winter Syle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

CARE FOR YOUR FARM.

Having occasion recently to take a trip to one of our cities on business, we were favorably impressed with the neat and comfortable appearance of many of the farms, by which, and across which, we were drawn by the "Iron Horse" as we pursued our journey.

We saw much to admire, yea covet, as we hastily caught the evidences of industry and thrift which betokened the energy and cultivated taste of many of the farmers.

But, strange as it may appear, the beautiful panorama, like many other pictures, had also its shady side; and for every tidy, well-kept farm, with its thousand and one symptoms of prosperity, there were, at least, from two to five that showed, even at a hasty glance, the slovenliness, and lack of appreciation of the beautiful, of those who were their possessors. Instead of a comfortable-looking, nicely-painted dwelling, (dimensions have nothing to do with this subject,) with its well-arranged lawn, its well-cared-for kitchen garden, commodious barns and out-houses, its carefully pruned fruit trees, and its substantial fences, there, on the less brilliant side of agricultural life, stood the house, with its exterior surface minus a coat of paint to shield it from the inclemency of the weather, exhibiting sure signs of decay, produced by a quarter or half a century of the scorching rays of the sun's summer withering heat, and the blasting storms of winter's howling winds; there stood the antique barn, with its sides shattered by the raging elements of unnumbered years, without a clapboard to check the force of outside pressure, crevices through the siding wide and long enough for one to learn the contents without going inside of the building, with a leaky roof for the free admission of the rain; the dilapidated, rotten, tumble-down fences, scarcely served as barriers to prevent the cattle from stepping, at will, and with comparative ease from the pasture to the corn or wheat fields and wasting in a single night that, upon which had been bestowed, perhaps, a month's labor; while in many cases there was no road fence at all to separate the high way from the farmer's crops.

The facts as they are, are very suggestive. Mr. Widd is the only deaf-mute principal of an institution, as far as we know, and that institution, of all others, has been favored in an unparalleled way, in a country, too, where such things are rarely looked for. The instance stands out brightly in a background that increases its proportions—it adds one more triumph to the few vouchsafed to deaf-mutes.

ONE DEAF-MUTE'S TRIUMPH.

One cannot pick up the October *Annals*, look at the fine building in the frontispiece, and then read the accompanying account of the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-mutes without the conviction that now and then a deaf-mute does not live in vain. Mr. Thomas Widd, the Principal of the Institution, is a deaf-mute, and the only deaf-mute principal of an institution of that kind in America. There are two or three principals of day schools, but only one of an institution.

Going to Canada late in the sixties, Thomas Widd toiled a couple of years in that deserted field before he could arouse enough enthusiasm to make a beginning. And when he did, and managed to live from year to year, slowly increasing his little flock the while, well-nigh his only resource was individual charity. Our annals hardly present a parallel of such work, the present enlightenment and the numerous flourishing examples all considered. In his brief history of the institution, he tells us that he worked eight hours a day in the school-room, he taught two classes out of school hours, he was principal, steward, supervisor, and teacher of trades, and the hours of night were diligently utilized to complete such duties as the day required. He had to house, in a building comfortably accommodating but fifteen, besides himself, one teacher and two domestics, twenty, and at one time twenty-seven, pupils. And as to finances and salaried rewards, the master, teachers and himself between them, got the immense aggregate of \$600 a year! But Thomas Widd is a deaf-mute, and is working for the good of other deaf-mutes. Incidentally, he tells us that circumstances at first compelled him to use the eight hour system, but as soon as he could, with commendable alacrity, he discarded it and substituted five hours, which change speedily showed beneficial results in the health and improvement of the pupils, and the physique of the teachers improved also.

In the fall of 1876, a citizen of Montreal, John Mackay, Esq., who had long been watching the course of the institution and the labors of Mr. Widd, came forward and said he would erect a building of stone on a fine plot of ground, capable of accommodating 80 pupils, with the necessary officers. This has been done, and the structure is now nearly ready for occupation.

We fail to recall a parallel case in deaf-mute institutions anywhere. The fine Clark Institution, in Northampton, Mass., owes its prosperity to the munificence of a gentleman whose name it bears; but the money came as a legacy, bestowed when the owner had no further use for it. Besides it was given to promote the interests of a peculiar system—that of articulation. Mr. Mackay is alive and can daily see the fruits of his good deed. His benevolence is not marred by any hobby, but is a generous whole-souled help, and, if length of days is a boon to be coveted, may he live a number of years equal to the dollars he has given.

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Keep Your Nerves Steady.

When cares and perplexities annoy, and crowding business affairs multiply, there is no one thing which helps one "out of the wilderness" as easily as to keep the nerves steady and the head cool.

We have seen the nervous man in a hurry. He bounced and pounced, first into this, then into that; he tore, reared, swore, foamed, sweat, growled, grunted, and by way of relief scolded; but the more he floundered and made himself unhappy and others uncomfortable, the less was the progress in helping forward his work.

We have also seen the business man, of cool head and steady nerves, almost swamped by urgent duties, and under a ponderous load of pressing cares and responsibilities, moving surely and steadily forward, amid seemingly unconquerable difficulties, and with his temper unruffled, overcoming one obstacle after another to the sure accomplishment of his desired achievement.

At times when it is desirable to perform a large amount of labor, and when business gets "badly mixed," as it often does, nothing so much impedes progress in accomplishing a great amount of labor as nervous and

unsteady efforts to dive, pell-mell, at work without foresight and proper calculations; while in such a time, a man, of well-balanced temperament, who takes his meals regularly and leisurely, and takes a full amount of sleep and rest, and casts nervousness "to the dogs," will accomplish much brain and physical labor, and not cause those to feel uncomfortable and unhappy, by whom he is surrounded.

How to remit for the Journal.

In sending the money (\$1.50) in letters to pay for a year's subscription to the *Journal*, many are at a loss to know how to get along in sending the change (50 cents) now that small currency, or "shinplasters" as it is familiarly called, has become very scarce, and silver change is not so convenient to send by letter. To all such and to all subscribers we would say that they can remit by post-office money order, or, if they prefer, they may enclose a one dollar bill, and fifty cents worth of postage stamps.

A Deaf-mute Surprise.

The stars that informed "Mrs. Credulous'" "fortune-teller" that she was a widow, did not inform Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Jones, of Sand Hill, that mischief was in the wind last Friday, and he went to Pulaski just the same, not knowing that anything out of the usual course of nature was about to take place.

Below the breath of certain of their friends, there had been for several days whisperings of a surprise.

In company with others we took the 6:50 p. m. train for Sand Hill. Arriving at that station, our party from Mexico—ourselves, wife, Mrs. Grace J. Chandler and Miss H. Augusta Avery were met by Mr. L. N. Jones' boy who drove us over to Milton's. When we got as far as Lawrence's house we found quite a number waiting for us, and we all proceeded over to Milton's, near by, and went in. Their daughter Grace was in the house, but as Milton had come from Pulaski somewhat late, Mrs. Jones was assisting him about milking the cows. Finishing the milking they came from the stables, first entering the wood-house where Mrs. Jones observed that there were symptoms of confusion. Mr. Jones then went into the kitchen, where the parlor door suddenly opened and a company, not like that seen by St. John the Evangelist on the isle of Patmos "which no man could number," but large enough to amuse the beholder, suddenly appeared to his view. Next the company appeared before Mrs. Jones, in the wood-house where she was arranging daily matters, who, confronted and surprised beyond measure, started back from the unexpected sight of company, uttering (silently) the exclamation, what! what! what!

They soon discovered that the marauding party consisted of some of their best friends, and that no harm was intended.

On the above occasion thirty-four persons all told, old and young, male and female, were present to enjoy the beauties of the surprise, comprising the parents of Mr. Jones, his sister, brothers, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, and other relatives and near neighbors, and, with the exception of Prof. A. Johnson, all that attended Mr. Ball's party a few evenings since with the addition of C. H. Cooper, of Waterbury, and H. W. Nutting, of Parish.

The small but determined band of invaders carried home not only their own rations, but abundance to satisfy the immediate wants of the "besieged garrison." From the full baskets of things (not wine nor liquor) good for the "stomach's sake" two long tables well and tastefully freighted, abundantly appealed the sharpened appetites of those present. The supper was prolific and luxurious, and "well pleasing" to the palates of the company.

Late in the evening the older persons mostly took their leave. Mr. and Mrs. Burdick with the deaf-mutes remained through the entire night, participating in amusing games.

With many pleasing recollections of the festive and happy gathering, and our best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their children, we took the morning train for home, to apply ourselves to the quill and scissors.

Mr. John Carlis is still sojourning in Utica. He recently finished two oil paintings of Carlton Island, for U. S. Commissioner Dennison, which were on exhibition at Buckingham's museum and art store, and pronounced by the Press, and art critics generally, as two of the most exquisite paintings ever seen or exhibited in Utica, and some say that he has even surpassed this time any that he ever before produced.

We presume that it is not every body in the New York Institution that finds the bed of Procras a bed of roses. At least such a high authority as the *Educator*, speaks of rules that do not bring the reasoning faculty to bear, in applying them to particular cases. And it winds up to some rigid rule, ordinarily right and proper, to bring disaster and ruin upon the most stalwart of us.

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A deaf and dumb book-seller named Jas. H. McMechen, in Washington, accepted an Indian doctor, his son and daughter, and when they found he was deaf and dumb and could not talk, the doctor bought the "Legends of the Ohio Valley."

The same book-seller boasts of having sold President Hayes two books, in Columbus, Ohio, before he was elected President. Verily the deaf-mute has a good future.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, of Potsdam, N. Y., went away from home to visit friends. They called at Alda Boyce's and stayed over night. They also went to Malone for pleasure and on business, and from the latter place they started for West Bangor, accompanied by a relative of Mrs. Barnhart. While passing through South Bangor one of the my-bills to the buggy broke, one side of the shafts dropped frightening the horse and he made a lurch, broke the other my-bill, turned the buggy bottom upward, and threw the occupant to the ground with great violence. Mr. Barnhart was dragged some distance and was nearly hurt, and Mrs. Barnhart's right arm was broken just above the wrist. She was taken to the hotel, and Dr. Bradford was called in and removed the fracture.

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Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

JOB TURNER VISITS VERMONT.

MONTPELIER, VT., Oct. 25, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—A pleasant ride of about two hours brought me to this city from West Randolph, Vt., where I stopped over last evening to pay a short call to Mr. Willard E. Martin, once an inmate of the Hartford and Washington schools, who welcomed me warmly, as he had often heard of me. He is pleasantly situated on a fine farm. He was united in marriage to a fine speaking lady on the third of this month. He had the misfortune to lose his father by death on the 12th inst. He manages the farm with the assistance of his speaking brother, for the present. I am glad to learn that he stands high in the community. Last night we rode about two miles to call and see Mr. Ferdinand A. Beecher, and his wife, formerly Miss Marion Ferry, both graduates of the Asylum, and now living at West Randolph, Vt., with whom Mr. Beecher works in a steam engine and sash factory in that place. He has two daughters, who enjoy all the facilities in perfection. This morning we went four miles to see Mr. Edwin H. Lillie, and his wife whose maiden name was Miss Wealthy Wright, of Middleburg, N. H., to see him preach, and found eighteen mutes present, from eighteen to fifty miles distance; four of them from Boston, and if it had been pleasant weather there might have been more. The field in which he labors is new to him, and, as a matter of course, he is liable to errors of judgment. He serves his Master. I know him personally, and hope he may succeed in his work of love. I have no doubt the attacks will draw around him firm friends. The appearance of this place pleases me very much.

This flourishing and important inland town lies snugly embosomed among the hills, at the head of the Green Mountains, which look like hills to me when I compare them with the Blue Ridge, of Virginia, in the shade of which I passed the greater part of my life, about thirty-five years. The first settler of this place gave it the name of Montpelier, after a city in France bearing that name. Mont is a French word for hill, and pelier, for bare or shorn, on account of some bare elevations at or near this city.

The stream which passes through this city is called Onion River. It used to be named Winooski, a name composed of two words of the Algonquin language—winoos—onions and ki-land. Approaching this city we crossed Dog River, which was so named after a dog, which one of the white pioneer hunters had the misfortune to catch in a trap set for beaver or otter in the edge of the stream. The dog, in his struggles to escape found a watery grave.

I am told that the site of this city was, evidently, once the bed of a lake over one hundred feet deep. Thomas Jefferson once said that he believed the beautiful valley of Virginia was once the bed of a lake, about five hundred miles long. This place is believed to have been the favorite residence, or resort, of the French explorer Samuel Champlain, who discovered Vermont in 1609, and whence the name of the lake still bears. It was once claimed by New York as a grant, and, but for the spirit and resolution of Ethan Allen and his indomitable brother, Ethan, it would very likely have been settled by the Yorkers instead of the Massachusetts settlers, to whom it was subsequently granted and sold.

The first settler of this place was from Worcester county, Mass. Montpelier ever has been, and ever must be, liable to damages from floods, by which many valuable lives have been lost. The scenery is very picturesque. At a distance this city presents a pretty appearance. The State house can be plainly seen from my chamber window. I have seen all the New England Capitols. The State Houses at Augusta, Concord, and Montpelier, are considered similar to each other in architecture. I do not wish to conclude this without saying that I have found five deaf-mutes in West Randolph, Vt., and that if I can find deaf-mutes enough to enable me to conduct services in this city, I shall at no distant day, establish a mission here, without prejudice or bigotry. I am going away this afternoon.

Yours sincerely, JOB TURNER.

REFORMATION DOING ITS WORK.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me to say a few words to the readers of the Journal in regard to the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes and its originator, Mr. P. W. Packard.

On my recent visit to the "Witch" City, I had the opportunity of attending the services at their rooms, 246 Essex St., which are neatly and prettily furnished, and are centrally located within three minutes' walk of the Eastern Railroad Depot, and are open every day. I was pleased to hear of the success of the society, through the unabating efforts of Mr. Packard, the members of which show their confidence in him and look to his judgment for guidance. It was announced that he was to preach on Sunday, Oct. 14th, so I went in and took my seat, anxious in mind to be benefited, when Mr. Packard entered with his favorite Bible called "Teacher's Edition" under his arm. His text was from Acts 21:29—"They Supposed," and his subject was the difference between facts and inferences—the evil results of supposition. His theme seemed to be the present demand for reformation among many of our class of people, and throughout his discourse he showed that he understood human nature and how to deal with souls. He seems to be one of the leaders of the day, in reformations, and in explaining a subject, his signs are clear, earnest and emphatic. The writer was much pleased with his sharp points. Mr. Packard was listened to by all with the closest attention. I went out with the feeling that an hour and a half spent in this service was beneficial to me and I have the pleasure of informing you that he was the means of leading my soul to the cross a few years ago. I have before often heard him in Boston and elsewhere, and always find his sermons fresh and clear. As a preacher, it is worth while for the deaf-mutes to travel to hear him and notice the change that has taken place in him within the last few years. As a teacher in the Bible class, he is an excellent expositor, and as a worker he is indefatigable. His remarks at prayer-meeting are also excellent and lively.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM "UNCLE" THOMAS BROWN.

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., Oct. 22, 1877.

MR. RIDER:—The Deaf-Mutes' Journal is my constant companion among other newspapers of which about eight come every week,—the spicy *Mirror* coming the greatest distance. I do not pretend to read all their contents, but, like a bee that gathers honey here and there among flowers, I run my eyes over their pages and read what interests me most. It does my Democratic heart good to hear from Ohio. I have a few books, but they are scarcely touched, except my old family Bible, left for me by my mother, which I have the privilege to study every evening. I find it a precious book, in which I find not a little comfort when I am alone in my study.

Evenings are lengthening, but I am prepared for them. I have plenty of wood, sawed and split by my faithful man, Erasmus D. Preston, a mute who has worked for me a number of years. If you, Mr. Editor, should drop in one of these evenings, you would find me in a new dressing gown and my big feet encased in delicately worked slip-

pers, the gift of Mrs. George Kent and Mrs. John O. David, of Amherst, N. H. Not long ago, they and Mrs. Frank Worcester, with Mr. Kent, the celebrated trouter, favored me with a visit, and took me entirely by surprise, by asking me to accept the articles above mentioned and a nice hussock or foot mat as a token of their friendship, as I am the oldest mute in N. H. Said ladies, Mr. Kent and my humble self have known each other for years. You would admire the dressing gown, which is so nice I am almost afraid to wear it, and the slippers so light that I have to look to assure myself that they are on my feet. Though I expressed my thanks to the donors in my way, it may not seem out of place to speak of my easy chair, my birthday present last year. It is about as good as new, and if I am spared to see my seventy-fourth birthday I shall sit in the chair, muse on my past life and think of my numerous friends among the mutes.

East Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 24, 1877.

"THAT VOICE FROM THE WEST" RE-ECHOED FROM THE EAST.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—"That voice from the West" but echoed the earnest sentiments of the deaf-mutes of the East. Who art thou, Dixie? Extend thy hand. Much that has been said in the very able written article meets with a hearty endorsement from us. There are, however, a few passages in it that we take exception to, and more particularly the one which reads: "The money that hearing people contribute for the support of deaf-mute missions, might have been put to better use in prosecuting the work that is now being done for the uneducated heathens. It might be applied in making more strenuous efforts to bring into school the many deaf-mutes, that State institutions are unable to find." We don't suppose that our unknown friend Dixie meant to convey the impression that there have been no benefits resulting from the support given to these deaf-mute missions, or that the money so faithfully applied to them has borne no fruits. If the formation of deaf-mute societies, no matter from whence comes the kind sympathy and substantial aid, has been the means of doing real good, in fact, they have proved instruments by which conversions have been effected and more than one lost sheep recovered, it would successfully refute the words that the money might have been put to better use, etc. There are a thousand things in the United States, upon which money has been merely wasted, and which might have been given to deaf-mute missions and other like worthy objects, but, for which wanton waste the deaf-mute societies are in no way responsible or to blame.

Now for the Newburyport article, which has since become celebrated and which we endorsed. It was, in itself, innocent and simple enough, but the learned professor and "cool" philosopher, Job Turner, through his microscopic glass, magnified it into something awful, and a reply of two columns and a half from him was the result. Its long, perusal carried us back to our school days at Hartford, when we studied ancient history and read the edict of the Pope—the Pope's Bull. It seems that we are in danger of having a modern deaf-mute Pope, and a new question has been born among us, viz.—"Have you read the Pope's Bull against the Newburyport Society?" One would suppose that a great transgression had been committed. Well, if the ladies have transgressed, in defense of and for the preservation of their society, it would have been to Mr. Turner's glory to have passed over it. Self respect and the consciousness that their article had not been rightly understood forbade a rejoinder from them or any notice taken by them of the "reply." I have been permitted, however, to state for the benefit of those "little or wretched minds in the deaf-mute world" that the Newburyport society has always wished Mr. Turner God speed in his apostolic work, wherever needed or desirable. But the whole sum and substance of their article was an earnest protest against the establishing of an Episcopalian or any other denominational church mission to deaf-mutes in Newburyport, it being to use a milder word—not necessary, as their present society organized on a non-sectarian basis supplies all the wants of the mutes in that place and vicinity, and wherein worshipping God in the beauty of holiness is as faithfully exemplified, and, lastly, that they had assured Mr. Turner that they would be happy to extend to him an invitation to come and preach before their society, on some future occasion which their pleasure may designate.

We see Mr. Turner has issued a proclamation, explaining his platform. Seriously speaking, we hope the resumption of the era of good feeling and peace will soon assert its sway in the withdrawal of all attempts to set up in opposition to the already existing religious societies, church missions of any particular creed. ANYBODY.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 24, 1877.

Richard Grant White wisely says:

Simple and unpretending ignorance is always respectable and sometimes charming; but there is little that more deserves contempt than the pretense of ignorance to knowledge. The curse and the peril of language in this country, is that it is at mercy of men who, instead of being content to use it well, according to their honest ignorance, use it ill, according to their affected knowledge, who being vulgar, would seem elegant; who being empty, would seem full; who make up in pretense what they lack in reality; and whose little thoughts, let off in enormous phrases, sound like fire crackers in an empty barrel.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LOWELL (MASS.) SILENT SOCIETY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The annual meeting of the Lowell Silent Society of Deaf-Mutes was held at the house of Mr. P. J. Wright, Oct. 17, 1877, a good number being present, among whom were Mrs. P. W. Packard and H. P. Chapman of Salem. Mr. L. W. Soper, the newly elected president of the society, is showing his interest in it by officiating occasionally, which meets with the approval of all its members; he is well known in New England, and has lately taken up his residence at Beverly. I hope the society will continue to prosper under his guidance, and I think it would be well for other societies to give the above-named gentlemen a call to officiate for them. In conclusion I can only say God speed our brothers in their work for the conversion and reformation of our people, and help them to employ the most appropriate arguments and acceptable words.

Visitors.

Editor JOURNAL:—The report of the Treasurer showed the society to be in a good financial condition, with a snug little sum on hand. Much interest has been manifested among the members the past year. One of our members has been removed by death. Twenty-two sermons have been delivered by the following persons: Sam. Rowe six, P. W. Packard five, G. B. Kenistore five, Wm. Lynde three, Job. Turner two, G. A. Holmes one. P. W. Packard officiated by request at the funeral of Mrs. Tallmadge, and is expected again November 11th.

There have been 18 *Braille Class* meetings and two prayer-meetings. The one following the baptism of one of our members was very interesting, and nearly all present stood up for Jesus. It is to be hoped that the interest will continue and peace and harmony prevail among our members.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Going to Cross the Ocean.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Next Thursday I will embark with my brother to go home across the ocean, and expect to enjoy a short time with my folks, whom I have not seen for five years past. It is a pleasant duty to me to say farewell through the columns of the Journal to my numerous friends. I expect to return next summer to Colorado, where I had succeeded in realizing a small fortune from my mines. You will please send your worthy paper to the same address as hitherto.

Yours respectfully,

FRANCIS ROTTER.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29th, 1877.

The beginning of a new session of Congress is always the occasion of the revival of a great mass of business, that for various reasons has failed in the preceding Congress. The present one is no exception, and clerks are busy from morning to night searching files, examining records, and endorsing petitions.

People who memorialize Congress have learned by long experience that there is no virtue like persistency in pushing a claim. Some of the bills to be brought up again this session are wrinkled and yellow with age. Will the law-makers handle them any more tenderly on that account? Others come up crisp and new, but under their fair and innocent exterior lies a long train of consequences that will not be brushed aside by simple yea, or nay.

The improvements of southern harbors, particularly the Mississippi River clearance, that will be urged this winter are of vital importance to the commercial interests of the entire country. The Congressman has been enjoying himself the last week. Pinicane races and other attractions have had great influence on the sessions; they have been few and far between. However great bodies move slow and the even balancing of the political parties in the House contributes to the inertia. Speaker Randall has been a long time making up his committee, and the House fills up the interim when in session by discussing the Colorado case. Among others, Garrison, of Illinois, has spoken eloquently in disproving the claim, while General Garfield, of Ohio, vigorously defends it. It is confidently believed that Fernando Wood will be Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Atkins of Appropriations, Banning of Military affairs, Hutton of the District, and Cox of Banking and Currency.

In the Senate the Louisiana case drags along slowly. It is said that Senator Matthews of Ohio, is making ready to attack the Civil Service Reform when the nominations are brought forward to be confirmed. Some personal friend of his, who stood high in the last Civil Service examination, received no appointment, while many are constantly slipping into office without even going through any form of examination; should this lead to an investigation of the investigations in the Interior Department, it will be a wheel within a wheel.

Mr. W. E. Curtis, correspondent of the *New York Graphic*, and of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, aroused the wrath of Senator Matthews the other day, by sending to the former paper a statement to the effect that the gentleman from Ohio spent some time here last winter, expecting to be called into service by the Electoral Commission. At its close he presented a heavy bill of expenses to the Republican Committee, that was finally paid by Secretary Chandler, out of his own pocket. The senator denies the story, while the correspondent says he can prove it.

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purpose of ascertaining who made off with five dollars belonging to one of the Congressmen. The board of Indian Commissioners had a meeting on the twenty-fifth.

Favorable news is reported from the western border: the temporary removal of the Sioux to the Upper Missouri is in progress, and Sitting Bull's reply to the Commissioners sent out to him, drops that individual from the support of Peace Boards and Indian Bureaus. May he prove a good and loyal subject to Her Majesty and not an uncomfortable neighbor to the government which he has chosen to leave.

Of more than local interest was the dedication of a large and beautiful school building the other day. It stands as a memorial of a Northern lady, who devoted her life to work among the freemen, and at her death left a small amount of money to be used for the education of colored people. The Trustees have erected this commodious structure and presented it to the District as the Minor Normal School for colored girls.

The old brick building, corner of State and 14th streets, for many years occupied by the State Department, is now the home of a hundred or more little orphans. The building was originally intended to be an asylum, but necessity leaves no choice; the Government took possession of it years ago, and continued to occupy it until the beginning of 1876, when a part of the new department was completed and ready for occupancy. This department, now one of the most important, was established in 1789, and styled the Department of Foreign Affairs.

FAX.

Mrs. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 8th, 1877.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

There is grandeur and sublimity in this aspect of night, when arrayed in a mantle of gloom and wrapped with a dragon of stars, she comes, extending a curtain of repose over the toil-worn world. How still is the hour of night, when all things are hushed to rest. The pulse of nature seems to have ceased its motion, and the surrounding gloom hangs over the earth like a funeral pall. Night is the time for prayer. At such an hour the spirit freed from care ascends in thought to Him who maketh the darkness His pavilion. Night is the time for repose. Like a kind parent watching over a sleeping child, she draws a veil of friendly shade over the glare of day, that the weary sons of men may find rest.

How welcome to the tired frame is the approach of slumber, when it comes shrouding the mind in a sweet oblivion of woe. Under its blessed influence, grief ceases to weep, and misery to pine, care lays aside its burden, labor its toil, and within its shadowy realms we repose undisturbed by the cares and tumults of this world. Night in its silence and sleep in its oblivion: are they not fitting emblems of death, that last, long sleep, whose fetters shall ere long be thrown around all, whose hours are years, whose years are centuries? To the unrepentant sinner death is a long dark night, whose gloom is uncheered by hope or joy; but to the humble and penitent believer in Christ, it is only a sweet slumber, a night of quiet rest whose darkness shall be dispelled by the resurrection morn of everlasting day.

M. S. C. B.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

From the *Carolina Spartan*.

On Monday, at about a quarter of twelve, a train on S. & U. Railroad ran over and killed Mr. R. C. Springs, a deaf and dumb man, well known in our community. The train was backing down to Maxwell's brick yard slowly, when Mr. Springs was struck and killed by the wheels of an empty flat car running over his head, which fell on the rail. Mr. Irwin, agent on road, immediately reported the casualty, and a coroner's inquest was held, when a verdict was rendered of "death by misfortune or accident." Mr. Springs was a patriotic and highly respected citizen, and his death in such an unfortunate and unforeseen manner was a terrible shock to his family, and many friends who have known him a long time.

A most touching incident attending the death of Mr. Springs, was the exhibition of faithful attachment to his master by a little terrier that was with him. The poor little dog lay down by the side of the corpse of the old man, and resented every effort made to touch the body, even keeping the insects from buzzing about his inanimate remains. True in life and faithful ever, the poor unconsidered one gave a lesson to erring nature worthy of unfading remembrance.

—

WORD TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

Our attention has been called to a new cooking utensil, recently invented which makes baking a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity, the inventor of which has conferred an everlasting blessing upon every house-keeper. We refer to the Patent Centennial Cake and Bread Pan, with which, by simply raising a hook, you can remove the sides of the pan from the cake instantly, without breaking or injuring it in the least, thus enabling you to ice and frost it while warm. To remove the tube in the center, insert a knife in the slot in the top of the tube, and simply give it a half turn, and it will drop out. It is also provided with a slide on the bottom, so that when you remove the tube, you can close the hole, making a pan with plain bottom for baking jelly and plain cakes, puddings, bread, etc., thus practically giving you two pans for the price of one.

The Centennial Cake Pan is highly recommended by the ladies as being the best and most convenient pan ever introduced. They are made of Russia iron, are more durable, and will bake your cakes more evenly and a much nicer brown than you can bake them in the old-fashioned tin cake pans.

Temperance Lecture, Delivered by W. A. Bond Before the Manhattan Literary Association, New York, Wednesday Evening, Oct. 17th, 1877.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I deny that I am a lecturer, but I am only conversing in a way upon a subject of importance, which has never been imparted to the deaf and dumb by a deaf and dumb person.

Many of you have frequently heard great men talk on this subject, and many arguments have been given you, but they have not done so to my class, and I am here to-night to try and speak for my own brothers, while Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who has devoted more than twenty-five years to the welfare of the deaf and dumb, is here to interpret for you. When I say it would be unmanly for me not to acknowledge the pride I feel in having the liberty to address such a magnificent assemblage as this, I have also, humbly, to confess my weakness when confronting you.

Before I commence with my subject, permit me to say that the Manhattan Literary Association, a society composed entirely of deaf-mutes, meets in these rooms every Thursday evening, for the express purpose of holding debates and lectures, for the sake of the deaf and dumb.

But in these days of retrospection, it seems fitting to recall some of the heroic deeds of the brave and untiring men, which form so essential a part of the early history of the education of the deaf and dumb. The memorable struggle which the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the father of my interpreter, undertook: to bring the real method of educating this unfortunate class of children to America, and the useful issue of which has secured to us for all time to come the munificent benefits of a true education, has left in its train many sad relics of the barbarism inseparable from human strife, which in this year we would gladly blot from our remembrance.

Should you strike out the name of Laurent Clerc, and his great deeds, what a glorious light goes out. Drop the name of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, and what a bright page in history is blotted from our record. Wipe out the name of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of this church, and his gallant resistance of every temptation that befell our deaf-mute brethren in olden times, but which do not befall us as much as in former times, and you blot the name that has shed imperishable lustre on the deaf-mute community.

Let me here turn to my subject and say that it is not time to get frightened yet. There are many young men going unprotected, to whom, I think, the worst temptation is intemperance, and they must endeavor to avoid it. Your attention is kindly called to this temptation, as it besets you all, and even moderate drinking leads into the paths of wickedness. Curiosity is, probably, the first cause of your fall, and you seem bent on testing everything by experience. Worldly influence leads many of you astray, but the sparkling wine offers greater temptations. "Beware of wine, for it is a mocker" is an old adage. It is a continual contact with evil, which robs you of the ability to see its natural repulsiveness. Avoid, therefore, all familiarity with the cup, for human nature is weak, and gives way easily under temptation.

You all often think when you see the fallen and abandoned drunkard that you will never become like him, or fall as low as he has, but you must not forget that the most of them once pillowed their heads in innocence and purity upon their mother's laps, as you once did. It was drop by drop that led them down till their descent became irresistible in its course. For instance, I know several young men, of more than ordinary intellectual abilities, who bid fair for a brilliant career, as they possessed a wonderful imaginative mind, and were esteemed and hailed as the best in the institution in which they pursued their studies. Yet they have fallen from the pinnacle to which they had been elevated by the high estimation of their fellow students and venerable professors, by excessive indulgence in intoxicating beverages, and I fear they will become moral, as well as physical, suicides. These young men will come to a premature end, and die under a cloud, confessing their sins, and crying for mercy, and acknowledging with their expiring breath that they were led into paths of licentiousness by their fondness of the cup.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ saw the necessity of guarding us from sin and danger; for he taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and you must pass by and around it if you value your eternal welfare.

It is true the drunkard has repeat-

edly broken and disobeyed the physical and moral laws, the infraction of which he must, will, and does suffer. The man who has fallen into habits of intemperance does not recover from his debauch immediately, or regain his former steady nerves or clear eyesight in a day, or even a month. Those who offend the laws of God, must suffer the penalties as they are immovable.

When you attempt to break from the habit, the cup will intrude from time to time, and must be fought down. The battle may be virtually won, but the scars as well as the pain, must remain.

If God meant that we should drink rum we would have had it provided by nature, but there are no showers of rum, neither is there any alcohol in the blood. When the Lord wanted a strong man, he bade Sampson neither drink wine nor strong drink; and today when a man is undergoing great physical exercise, he is required to abstain from rum.

By rum, the nation is being emasculated, and its vigor destroyed. Most

of the crimes which are committed are caused by rum, and the rum-seller is in a great measure responsible for them. He will follow his murdered brothers to the bar of God, and when the Great Magistrate calls the first fratricide to account, and shall ask the rum-seller, "where are thy brethren?" he will have no escape, and will have to answer the stern Majesty of Eternal Justice: "I slew them, and brought endless perdition upon myself for the sake of a short and infamous life on earth."

Well, dear hearer, I ask you if it would be right for the rum-seller to go to the poor-house, where the idiots, insane, squallid and deformed are, and pass them with a laugh saying, "I made this your home," or has he a right to stop the poor orphans on the streets, and tell them that he robbed them of parents, homes, friends, bread, and education, only to live in lazy ease himself? Yet he has done all this and much more.

Rum does not nourish the system, and every drop sold costs the drunkard's family a loaf of bread. Poverty, gambling, loss of friends, business, and self-respect are produced by intemperance. It fills the penitentiary and almshouses with miserable lives, that finally fill premature and dishonored graves, and the drunkard's name is gone only to rot. Do you think that fifty working men should be poor and ragged in order to have only one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth, and have an abundance of money? Is it right to have one man sent to jail when another man sold him the liquor that made him commit the crime? Does it pay to have one man hung for murder when another made him drunk at the time he did the deed? Is it right to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, and turned into hells of misery, strife, and want, while the rum-seller builds a large mansion for himself, wife, and children to live in affluence and ease, while the wives and children of drunken husbands and fathers dress in rags, live in hovels, hungry, and finally turn into "scarecrows"?

It costs nearly \$11,000,000 to support the paupers in the United States, and it is said in one of the temperance journals that during the last ten years the use of liquor has imposed upon the nation a direct expense of \$600,000,000. It has been said that 70,000,000 bushels of grain is yearly consumed in the distilleries and breweries. These 70,000,000 bushels of grain, if manufactured into flour, would make 4,200,000,000 loaves of bread for the poor.

The hidden hand, or quiet doing, by Mrs. E. M. Gray, M. D.

Intemperance deprives man of his reason and intelligence, and destroys the peace and happiness of hundreds of thousands of families; and the authorities depend upon sober people for support and money for these drunken paupers. Who says it is in good taste for them to do so? The rum-sellers are licensed, not only to sell rum, but, to make the strong and industrious mechanic weak and idle; to lay a wise man low; to make a wife's fond heart break, and make the children's tears flow. They are also licensed to kindle hate and strife, to nerve the thief's arm to abet the murderer's knife, and to destroy the peace and quiet of many firesides; even to bring disease, want, and woe into this world, and make it a hell for drunkards to dwell in.

Let me, for instance, show you the proposal of the rum-seller to the devil. The rum-seller begins by saying, "I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, brandy, gin, wine, beer, and all their compounds." The rum-seller says, "our object, though different, can best be attained by united ac-

tion," and goes on to propose a co-partnership with his Satanic Majesty. All he wants of men is their money, and all the devil wants is their souls. So the rum-seller says, "bring to me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you as drunkards, paupers, and beggars." "Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of its father and mother," is another appeal of the rum-seller. He also urges the devil to entice the father and mother to enter his place so he can plant discord between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children. He wants the young man so he can ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth. The rum-seller wants the mechanic, the laborer, and his money,—the hard-earned fruits of his toil—and to plant poverty, vice, and ignorance in his once happy home. And the warm-hearted sailor is wanted by the rum-seller to send him on a long shore, and make ship-wreck of all his homes forevermore.

The professed follower of Christ is wanted, so that the rum-seller can blind and wither every devotional feeling of his heart. The rum-seller will even corrupt the ministers, and defile the purity of the church. The rum-seller wants the young, old, respectable, temperance, and business men brought to the hotels and oyster saloons, so that their presence there may make him more fearless, and their presence in hotels and gin-mills will make him bolder. When the devil finds what the rum-seller proposes to do, he will rejoice, and say to the rum-seller that he would embrace him a thousand times if he could do so. But as they can not embrace each other, the devil then informs the rum-seller that he has reserved a place for him nearest his dishonorable seat, and says that his satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of his crown. And who will think that the Arch-devil could not be very easily defeated if the rum-seller was not licensed? While the Gospel of Jesus is saving men, could the devil do anything to prevent it if the saloons were all closed? The saloons give our ministers the hardest work, and all of the sins are caused by the same. Of course, Satan will admit that he has ransacked the depths of his abode to find a soul that can do as much as the rum-seller, but his missions have always proven a failure. His demon "Murder" slew only the hopeless, poor and innocent. His servant "Lust" went forth and ruined many innocent, destroyed virtue, wrecked happiness, blasted character, and caused untimely death and dishonored graves. This servant did not satisfy his Majesty, and so "Avarice" was sent forth, but few fell by him. The twin brothers "Pestilence and War" stole out and "Famine" crawled behind, but they slew both the innocent and bad, and Heaven received as many souls as the other place. The devil will harden the rum-seller's heart so that his conscience will not trouble him, and will only claim the souls, while the rum-seller may have the penitence.

The discipline of life had not been lost on Mrs. Shelby, now when she was almost totally deaf. The concession that was produced by her fall from her carriage was telling, more and more, on her organs of hearing. While she greatly felt the loss, not one murmur escaped her. She often said, "my sight is left me so that I can take in all God's beautiful works. I can understand many things my own dear ones say, by the motion of their lips, and, besides, my ears do not now take in discordant sounds as they once did." You see, she drew comfort even from this—no unpleasant sounds to mar her repose.

Think of all this, ye who cannot hear. Think of your kind Father and Benefactor who blesses you with sight, so that you may enjoy all the sight seeing your eyes can take in.

Mrs. Shelby was contented with her lot in life: content with such things as she had. There was, as we have before said, a settled calm resting on her brow,—the look as of a saint forgiven. Blessed lady, thy influence reaches far beyond the walls of thy princely home; many shall rise up and call thee blessed. Thine own dear Emma is doing with her willing hands what thy spirit prompts in thy quiet retreat.

Could we induce the discontented to follow the example of Mrs. Shelby, we should feel that we had not written in vain, or spent our time for nought.

Yet, there is sometimes a laudable discontent on the part of the young. There is perhaps no manifestation of the human heart, or we may say intellect, that more conclusively proves its own immortality, than our constant discontent with the present, and an insatiate reaching forward after objects of desire shrouded in the vista of futurity. Before the budding mind is sufficiently developed to comprehend its responsibility and to learn its destiny, the heart is moved forward by an innate impulse, and the pure fancy is impressed with alluring objects and images, natives of a brighter sphere. When, in the sunny hours of childhood, we sport upon the flowery lawn, sit by the murmuring rill, as it gently meanders along its willow-lined bank; or chase with fantastic tread, the gay butterfly, over the rich, green meadows, plucking from our path the lily and the wild rose, life seems to us but one scene of beauty, unsullied by the snare of sin. Yet oft, from these innocent thoughts, we turn away our hearts panting for matured years; and while glancing to the future, we paint in our minds of life, how often are our fondest hopes blighted, and mount

ains of sorrow and disappointment appear in their view, rearing their summits to the sky, yet glittering with the tears of earthly pilgrims that have passed over before us.

Rest, weary one, thy tottering steps shall not slip. A hidden hand is stretched out for thee; grasp that hand; doubt not, falter not. Stand firm amid all life's conflicts, no matter what those conflicts are. Soul development is going on in thee. "Endure as seeing Him who is invisible" to thy mortal eye. Thou shalt reach the goal; and, then, when reached, all thy conflicts o'er, thou shalt stand complete at last, no faculty unimpaired, no deafness, no blindness; thine ear shall catch the sound of heaven's harpers, thine eye shall behold that land, not so far off, "where the Lamb, that is in the midst of the throne," shall feed the living, and lead thee unto fountains of living waters, and "God shall wipe all tears from thine eyes." Then wilt thou be made to know, that the hidden hand had been all the years of thine earthly pilgrimage outstretched for thee.

True, thoughts, like plants, reach up for the light, but it is the light of truth; and those who are blind to this light are blind indeed. Those who turn a deaf ear to the truths that the light brings, are far more deaf than scores of our dear readers, whose ears never heard a sound, as its sweet cadence fell, unheard, unheeded by them.

These see the light, as revealed by the inspiration that comes from God, the fountain of all life, light, and knowledge.

They hear the sweet whisper of loving accents beaming forth from eyes of love,—hearts, brim full of tender emotions and affection. "The smile that wreathes the lips with gladness, comes not from the sunshine without, but from within. The highest of which we are capable, can proceed only from the heart that has been sanctified by sorrow." Yet, there is something, we are convinced, in the condition of every one, in a measure, compensatory for all his or her privations and afflictions.

Every station in life, however humble or exalted, has its advantages, and with them its own sources of joy and grief.

The highest privileges may be abused and the purest affections of the soul may be perverted.

The rich man may be happy in the possession of great wealth, or he may, indeed, be more wretched than the poor man who labors to earn a scanty subsistence, or even the poor beggar at the wayside. Much, we are persuaded, depends upon the medium through which we view our allotments. A false glass gives not only a false coloring to objects, but may greatly magnify or distort them.

Habitual cheerfulness tends rather to diminish than increase the burden of afflictions, while despondency is sure to cast a gloom over all that is bright and beautiful in nature. A cheerful submission to whatever is manifestly irremediable, can never fail to be productive of the most happy results.

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